

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go ro.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scantier of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shoue
But meere implorators of vnholly suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Prince of Denmark

Have you so slaunder any mome
As to giue words or talke with
Looke too't I charge you, come
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, Hora.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudl

Hora. It is nipping, and an e

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of tw

May. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeepe; I heard it no
Wherein the spirit held his wor
What does this meane my Lord

Ham. The King doth wake to
Keepes wassell and the swaggrin
And as he draines his drafts off
The kettle drumme, and trump
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist;

But to my minde, though I an
And to the manner borne, it is
More honourd in the breach, th
This heauy headed reueale east
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of
They clip vs drunkards, and w
Soyle our addition, and indeed
From our atchieuements, thou
The pith and marrow of our at
So oft it chaunces in particular
That for some vicious mole of r
As in their birth wherein they a
(Since nature cannot choose h
By their ore-grow'th of some co
Oft breaking downe the pales
Or by some habit, that too mu
The forme of plausiue manner
Carrying I say the stamp of on

Have